LETTERS

OF THE LATE

Rev. Mr. LAURENCE STERNE,

To his moſt intimate FRIENDS.

WITH A

FRAGMENT in the Manner of *Rabelais.*

To which are prefix'd,

Memoirs of his Life and Family

Written by HIMSELF

And publiſhed by his Daughter, Mrs. MEDALLE,

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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ΑΓΑΘΙΑΣ

ΛΟΓΟΣ ΙΙΙ

ΓΕΛΩΣ

LETTERS

LETTER LXXX.

To Miſs S——.

Bond Street, April 9, 1767.

THIS letter, my dear Lydia, will diſtreſs thy good heart, for from the beginning thou wilt perceive no entertaining ſtrokes of humour in it—I cannot be chearful when a thouſand melancholy ideas ſurround me—I have met with a loſs of near fifty pounds, which I was taken in for an extraordinary manner—but what is that loſs in compariſon of one I may experience?—Friendſhip is the balm and cordial of life, and without it, 'tis a heavy load not worth ſuſtaining.—I am unhappy—thy mother and thyſelf at a diſtance from me, and what can compenſate for ſuch a deſtitution?—For God's ſake perſuade her to come and fix in England, for life is too ſhort to waſte in ſeparation—and whilſt ſhe lives in one country, and I in another, many people will ſuppoſe it proceeds from choice—beſides I want thee near me, thou child and darling of my

heart!—I am in a melancholy mood, and my Lydia's eyes will ſmart with weeping when I tell her the cauſe that now affects me.—I am apprehenſive the dear friend I mentioned in my laſt letter is going into a decline—I was with her two days ago, and I never beheld a being ſo alter'd—ſhe has a tender frame, and looks like a drooping lily, for the roſes are fled from her cheeks—I can never ſee or talk to this incomparable woman without burſting into tears—I have a thouſand obligations to her, and I owe her more than her whole ſex, if not all the world put together.—She has a delicacy in her way of thinking that few poſſeſs—our converſations are of the moſt intereſting nature, and ſhe talks to me of quitting this world with more compoſure than others think of living in it.—I have wrote an epitaph, of which I ſend thee a copy.—'Tis expreſſive of her modeſt worth—but may heav'n reſtore her! and may ſhe live to write mine.—

Columns, and labour'd urns but vainly ſhew,
An idle ſcene of decorated woe.
The ſweet companion, and the friend ſincere,
Need no mechanic help to force the tear.
In heart felt numbers, never meant to ſhine
'Twill flow eternal o'er a hearſe like thine;
'Twill flow, whilſt gentle goodneſs has one friend,
Or kindred tempers have a tear to lend.

Say all that is kind of me to thy mother, and believe me my Lydia, that I love thee moſt truly—So adieu—I am what I ever was, and hope ever ſhall be, thy

Affectionate Father,

L. STERNE.

As to Mr. —— by your deſcription he is a fat fool. I beg you will not give up your time to ſuch a being—Send me ſome *batons pour les dents*—there are none good here.

LETTER LXXXI.

To Mr. and Mrs. J——.

Old Bond-ſtreet, April 21, 1767.

I AM ſincerely affected, my dear Mr. and Mrs. J—— by your friendly enquiry, and the intereſt you are ſo good to take in my health. God knows I am not able to give a good account of myſelf, having paſſed a bad night in much feveriſh agitation.—My phyſician ordered me to bed, and to keep therein 'till ſome favourable change—I fell ill the moment I got to my lodgings—he ſays it is owing to my

taking James's Powder, and venturing out on ſo cold a day as Sunday—but he is miſtaken, for I am certain whatever bears that name muſt have efficacy with me—I was bled yeſterday, and again to day, and have been almoſt dead, but this friendly enquiry from Gerrard-ſtreet has poured balm into what blood I have left—I hope ſtill, and next to the ſenſe of what I owe my friends, it ſhall be the laſt pleaſurable ſenſation I will part with—if I continue mending, it will yet be ſome time before I ſhall have ſtrength enough to get out in a carriage —my firſt viſit will be a viſit of true gratitude—I leave my kind friends to gueſs where —a thouſand bleſſings go along with this, and may heaven preſerve you both—Adieu my dear ſir, and dear lady.

I am your ever obliged,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXXII.

To the Earl of ——.

Old Bond-ſtreet, May 1, 1767.

MY LORD,

I WAS yeſterday taking leave of all the town, with an intention of leaving it this day, but I am detained by the kindneſs of lord and lady S——, who have made a party to dine and ſup on my account—I am impatient to ſet out for my ſolitude, for there the mind gains ſtrength, and learns to lean upon herſelf —In the world it ſeeks or accepts of a few treacherous ſupports— the feigned compaſſion of one—the flattery of a ſecond—the civilities of a third—the friendſhip of a fourth—they all deceive, and bring the mind back to where mine is retreating, to retirement, reflection, and books. My departure is fixed for to-morrow morning, but I could not think of quitting a place where I have received ſuch numberleſs and unmerited civilities from your lordſhip, without returning my moſt grateful thanks, as well as my hearty acknowledgments for your friendly enquiry from Bath. Illneſs, my lord, has occaſioned my ſilence— Death knocked at my door, but I would not admit him—the

call was both unexpected and unpleaſant—and I am ſeriouſly worn down to a ſhadow—and ſtill very weak, but weak as I am, I have as whimſical a ſtory to tell you as ever befel one of my family—Shandy's noſe, his name, his ſaſh window are fools to it—it will ſerve at leaſt to amuſe you—The injury I did myſelf laſt month in catching cold upon James's Powder—fell, you muſt know, upon the worſt part it could—the moſt painful, and moſt dangerous of any in the human body. It was on this criſis I called in an able ſurgeon and with him an able phyſician, both my friends, to inſpect my diſaſter—'tis a venereal caſe, cried my two ſcientific friends—'tis impoſſible, however, to be that, replied I—for I have had no commerce whatever with the ſex, not even with my wife, added I, theſe fifteen years.—You are, however, my good friend, ſaid the ſurgeon, or there is no ſuch caſe in the world—what the devil, ſaid I, without knowing woman?—We will not reaſon about it, ſaid the phyſician, but you muſt undergo a courſe of mercury—I will loſe my life firſt, ſaid I—and truſt to nature, to time, or at the worſt to death—ſo I put an end, with ſome indignation, to the conference—and determined to bear all the torments I underwent, and ten times more, rather than ſubmit to be treated like a *ſinner*, in a point

where

where I had acted like a *ſaint*.—Now as the father of miſchief would have it, who has no pleaſure like that of diſhonouring the righteous, it ſo fell out that from the moment I diſmiſſed my doctors, my pains began to rage with a violence not to be expreſſed, or ſupported. Every hour became more intolerable. —I was got to bed, cried out, and raved the whole night, and was got up ſo near dead that my friends inſiſted upon my ſending again for my phyſician and ſurgeon. I told them upon the word of a man of honour they were both miſtaken, as to my caſe—but though they had reaſoned wrong, they might act right; but that ſharp as my ſufferings were, I felt them not ſo ſharp as the imputation which a venereal treatment of my caſe laid me under—They anſwered that theſe taints of the blood laid dormant twenty years, but they would not reaſon with me in a point wherein I was ſo delicate, but would do all the office for which they were called in, namely to put an end to my torment, which otherwiſe would put an end to me—and ſo have I been compelled to ſurrender myſelf—and thus, my dear lord, has your poor friend with all his ſenſibilities been ſuffering the chaſtiſement of the groſſeſt ſenſualiſt.—Was it not as ridiculous an embarraſſment as ever Yorick's ſpirit was involved in?—Nothing but the pureſt con-

ſcience of innocence could have tempted me to write this ſtory to my wife, which by the bye would make no bad anecdote in Triſtram Shandy's Life—I have mentioned it in my journal to Mrs. ——— In ſome reſpects there is no difference between my wife and herſelf —when they fare alike, neither can reaſonably complain.—I have juſt received letters from France, with ſome hints that Mrs. Sterne and my Lydia are coming to England, to pay me a viſit—if your time is not better employed, Yorick flatters himſelf he ſhall receive a letter from your lordſhip, *en attendant*. I am with the greateſt regard,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt faithful humble ſervant,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXXIII.

To J. D——n, Eſq.

Old Bond-ſtreet, Friday Morning.

I WAS going, my dear D——n, to bed before I received your kind enquiry, and now my chaiſe ſtands at my door to take and convey this

this poor body to its legal ſettlement.—I am ill, very ill—I languiſh moſt affectingly—I am ſick both ſoul and body—it is a cordial to me to hear it is different with you—no man intereſts himſelf more in your happineſs, and I am glad you are in ſo fair a road to it—enjoy it long, my D—— whilſt I—no matter what—but my feelings are too nice for the world I live in—things will mend.—I dined yeſterday with lord and lady S—— we talked much of you, and your goings on, for every one knows why Sunbury Hill is ſo pleaſant a ſituation.—You rogue! you have lock'd up my boots—and I go bootleſs home—and fear I ſhall go bootleſs all my life—Adieu, gentleſt and beſt of ſouls—adieu.

I am yours moſt affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXXIV.

To J. H. S——, Eſq.

Newark, Monday 10 *o'Clock in the morning.*

MY DEAR COUSIN,

I HAVE got conveyed thus far like a bale of cadaverous goods conſigned to Pluto and company—lying in the bottom of my chaiſe moſt

moſt of the rout, upon a large pillow which I had the *prevoyance* to purchaſe before I ſet out—I am worn out—but preſs on to Barnby Moor to night, and if poſſible to York the next.—I know not what is the matter with me—but ſome *derangement* preſſes hard upon this machine—ſtill I think it will not be overſet this bout.—My love to G———.—We ſhall all meet from the eaſt, and from the ſouth, and, as at the laſt, be happy together—My kind reſpects to a few.—I am, dear H———

Truly yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXXV.

From *Ignatius Sancho*, to Mr. *Sterne*.

REVEREND SIR,

IT would be an inſult on your humanity, or perhaps look like it, to apologize for the liberty I am taking.—I am one of thoſe people whom the vulgar and illiberal call negroes.—The firſt part of my life was rather unlucky, as

as I was placed in a family who judged ignorance the beſt and only ſecurity for obedience. —A little reading and writing I got by unwearied application.—The latter part of my life has been, through God's bleſſing, truly fortunate—having ſpent it in the ſervice of one of the beſt and greateſt families in the kingdom—my chief pleaſure has been books—Philanthropy I adore—How very much, good Sir, am I, amongſt millions, indebted to you for the character of your amiable Uncle Toby! —I declare I would walk ten miles in the dog-days, to ſhake hands with the honeſt Corporal. —Your ſermons have touch'd me to the heart, and I hope have amended it, which brings me to the point—In your tenth diſcourſe, page ſeventy-eight, in the ſecond volume—is this very affecting paſſage—"Conſider how great a part of our ſpecies in all ages down to this—have been trod under the feet of cruel and capricious tyrants, who would neither hear their cries, nor pity their diſtreſſes.—Conſider ſlavery—what it is—how bitter a draught—and how many millions are made to drink of it."—Of all my favourite authors not one has drawn a tear in favour of my miſerable black brethren—excepting yourſelf, and the humane author of Sir Geo. Elliſon.—I think you will forgive me; I am ſure you will applaud me for beſeeching you to give one half hour's atten-

attention to ſlavery, as it is at this day practiſed in our Weſt Indies.—That ſubject handled in your ſtriking manner would eaſe the yoke, perhaps, of many—but if only of one——— gracious God! what a feaſt to a benevolent heart! and ſure I am, you are an epicurean in acts of charity.—You who are univerſally read, and as univerſally admired—you could not fail.—Dear Sir, think in me you behold the uplifted hands of thouſands of my brother Moors. Grief, you pathetically obſerve, is eloquent: figure to yourſelf their attitudes; hear their ſupplicating addreſſes!—alas! you cannot refuſe.—Humanity muſt comply—in which hope I beg permiſſion to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Reverend Sir, &c.

IGNATIVS SANCHO.

LETTER LXXXVI.

From Mr. *Sterne*, to *Ignatius Sancho*.

Coxwould, July 27, 1766.

THERE is a ſtrange coincidence, Sancho, in the little events, as well as in the great ones, of this world: for I had been writing a

tender

tender tale of the ſorrows of a friendleſs poor negro-girl, and my eyes had ſcarce done ſmarting with it, when your letter of recommendation, in behalf of ſo many of her brethren and ſiſters, came to me—but why *her brethren?* or yours, Sancho! any more than mine? It is by the fineſt tints, and moſt inſenſible gradations, that nature deſcends from the faireſt face about St. James's, to the ſootieſt complexion in Africa:—at which tint of theſe is it, that the ties of blood are to ceaſe? and how many ſhades muſt we deſcend lower ſtill in the ſcale, ere mercy is to vaniſh with them? But 'tis no uncommon thing, my good Sancho, for one half of the world to uſe the other half of it like brutes, and then endeavour to make them ſo.—For my own part, I never look *weſtward*, when I am in a penſive mood at leaſt, but I think of the burthens which our brothers and ſiſters are *there* carrying, and could I eaſe their ſhoulders from one ounce of them, I declare I would ſet out this hour upon a pilgrimage to Mecca for their ſakes—which by the bye, Sancho, exceeds your walk of ten miles in about the ſame proportion, that a viſit of humanity ſhould one of mere form.—However, if you meant my Uncle Toby more he is your debtor.—If I can weave the tale *I* have wrote into the work I am about—'tis at the ſervice of the afflicted—and a much

greater

greater matter; for in ſerious truth, it caſts a ſad ſhade upon the world, that ſo great a part of it are, and have been ſo long bound in chains of darkneſs, and in chains of miſery; and I cannot but both reſpect and felicitate you, that by ſo much laudable diligence you have broke the one—and that by falling into the hands of ſo good and merciful a family, Providence has reſcued you from the other.

And ſo good-hearted Sancho adieu! and believe me I will not forget your letter.

Yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXXVII.

To *Ignatius Sancho.*

Bond Street, Saturday.

I WAS very ſorry, my good Sancho, that I was not at home to return my compliments by you for the great courteſy of the Duke of M—g—'s family to me, in honouring my liſt of ſubſcribers with their names—for which I bear them all thanks.—But you have ſomething to add, Sancho, to what I owe your good

good will alſo on this account, and that is to ſend me the ſubſcription money, which I find a neceſſity of duning my beſt friends for before I leave town—to avoid the perplexities of both keeping pecuniary accounts, for which I have very ſlender talents, and collecting them, for which I have neither ſtrength of body or mind, and ſo, good Sancho dun the Duke of M——— the Ducheſs of M——— and Lord M——— for their ſubſcriptions, and lay the ſin, and money with it too, at my door —I wiſh ſo good a family every bleſſing they merit, along with my humbleſt compliments. You know, Sancho, that I am your friend and well-wiſher,

L. STERNE.

P. S. I leave town on Friday morning—and ſhould on Thurſday, but that I ſtay to dine with Lord and Lady S———.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXVIII.

To *Ignatius Sancho.*

Coxwould, June 30.

I MUST acknowledge the courteſy of my good friend Sancho's letter, were I ten times buſier than I am, and muſt thank him too for the many expreſſions of his good will, and good opinion—'Tis all affectation to ſay a man is not gratified with being praiſed—we only want it to be ſincere—and then it will be taken, Sancho, as kindly as yours. I left town very poorly—and with an idea I was taking leave of it for ever—but good air, a quiet retreat, and quiet reflections along with it, with an aſs to milk, and another to ride out upon, if I chuſe it, all together do wonders.—I ſhall live this year at leaſt, I hope, be it but to give the world, before I quit it, as good impreſſions of me, as you have, Sancho. I would only covenant for juſt ſo much health and ſpirits, as are ſufficient to carry my pen through the taſk I have ſet it this ſummer.—But I am a reſign'd being, Sancho, and take health and ſickneſs as I do light and darkneſs, or the viciſſitudes of ſeaſons—that is, juſt as it pleaſes God to ſend them—and accommodate

myſelf

myſelf to their periodical returns, as well as I can—only taking care, whatever befalls me in this ſilly world—not to loſe my temper at it.—This I believe, friend Sancho, to be the trueſt philoſophy—for this we muſt be indebted to ourſelves, but not to our fortunes. —Farewel—I hope you will not forget your cuſtom of giving me a call at my lodgings next winter—in the mean time I am very cordially,

My honeſt friend Sancho,

Yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXXIX.

To Mrs. H——.

Coxwould, October 12, 1767.

EVER ſince my dear H—— wrote me word ſhe was mine, more than ever woman was, I have been racking my memory to inform me where it was that you and I had that affair together.—People think that I have had many, ſome in body, ſome in mind, but as I told

told you before, you have had me more than more than any woman—therefore you muſt had me, H——, both in mind, and in body.—Now I cannot recollect where it was, nor exactly when—it could not be the lady in Bond-ſtreet, or Groſvenor-ſtreet, or —— Square, or Pall-mall.——We ſhall make it out, H—— when we meet—I impatiently long for it——'tis no matter——I cannot now ſtand writing to you to-day——I will make it up next poſt——for dinner is upon table, and if I make Lord F—— ſtay, he will not frank this.——How do you do? Which parts of Triſtram do you like beſt?—— God bleſs you.

Yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XC.

To Mrs. H——.

Coxwould, November 15, 1767.

NOW be a good dear woman, my H——, and execute theſe commiſſions well—— and when I ſee you I will give you a kiſs—— there's

there's for you!—But I have ſomething elſe for you which I am fabricating at a great rate, and that is my Sentimental Journey, which ſhall make you cry as much as it has affected me—or I will give up the buſineſs of ſentimental writing—and write to the body—that is H——— what I am doing in writing to you—but you are a *good body*, which is worth half a ſcore mean ſouls.—

I am yours, &c. &c.

L. SHANDY.

LETTER XCI.

To his Excellency Sir G. M———.

Coxwould, December 3, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

FOR though you are his Excellency, and I ſtill but parſon Yorick—I ſtill muſt call you ſo—and were you to be next Emperor of Ruſſia, I could not write to you, or ſpeak of you, under any other relation—I felicitate you, I don't ſay how much, becauſe I can't—I always had ſomething like a kind of re-

velation within me, which pointed out this track for you, in which you are ſo happily advanced—it was not only my wiſhes for you, which were ever ardent enough to impoſe upon a viſionary brain, but I thought I actually ſaw you juſt where you now are—and that is juſt, my dear Macartney, where you ſhould be.—I ſhould long, long ago have acknowledged the kindneſs of a letter of yours from Peterſbourg; but hearing daily accounts you was leaving it—this is the firſt time I knew well *where* my thanks would find you—how they will find you, I know well—that is—the ſame I ever knew you. In three weeks I ſhall kiſs your hand—and ſooner, if I can finiſh my Sentimental Journey.—The duce take all ſentiments! I wiſh there was not one in the world!—My wife is come to pay me a ſentimental viſit as far as from Avignon—and the *politeſſes* ariſing from ſuch a proof of her urbanity, has robb'd me of a month's writing, or I had been in town now.—I am going to ly-in; being at Chriſtmas at my full reckoning—and unleſs what I ſhall bring forth is not *preſs'd* to death by theſe devils of printers, I ſhall have the honour of preſenting to you a *couple of as clean brats* as ever chaſte brain conceiv'd—they are frolickſome too, *mais cela n'empeche pas*—I put your name down with many wrong and right *honour-*

ables,

ables, knowing you would take it not well if I did not make myſelf happy with it.

Adieu my dear friend,

Believe me yours, &c.

L. STERNE.

P. S. If you ſee Mr. Crawfurd, tell him I greet him kindly.

LETTER XCII.

To J. H. S——, Eſq.

LITERAS veſtras lipidiſſimas, mi conſobrine, conſobrinis meis omnibus carior, accepi die Veneris; ſed poſta non rediebat verſus aquilonem eo die, aliter ſcripſiſſem prout deſiderabas: neſcio quid eſt materia cum me, ſed ſum fatigatus et aegrotus de mea uxore plus quam unquam—et ſum poſſeſſus cum diabolo qui pellet me in urbem—et tu es poſſeſſus cum eodem malo ſpiritu qui te tenet in deſerto eſſe tentatum ancillis tuis, et perturbatum uxore tua—crede mihi, mi Antoni, quod iſthaec non eſt via ad ſalutem ſive hodiernam, ſive aeternam; num tu incipis cogitare de pe-

cunia, quae, vt ait Sanctus Paulus, eſt radix omnium malorum, et non ſatis dicis in corde tuo, ego Antonius de Caſtello Infirmo, ſum iam quadraginta et plus annos natus, et expleui octauum meum luſtrum, et tempus eſt me curare, et meipſum Antonium facere hominem felicem, et liberum, et mihimet ipſi benefacere, vt exhortatur Solomon, qui dicit quod nihil eſt melius in hac vita, quam quod homo viuat feſtive, et quod edat et bibat, et bono fruatur, quia hoc eſt ſua portio et dos in hoc mundo.

Nunc te ſcire vellemus, quod non debeo eſſe reprehendi pro feſtinando eundo ad Londinum, quia Deus eſt teſtis, quod non propero prae gloria, et pro me oſtendere; nam diabolus iſte qui me intrauit, non eſt diabolus vanus, vt conſobrinus ſuus Lucifer—ſed eſt diabolus amabundus, qui non vult ſinere me eſſe ſolum; nam cum non cumbendo cum vxore mea ſum mentulatior quam par eſt—et ſum mortaliter in amore—et ſum fatuus; ergo tu me, mi care Antoni, excuſabis, quoniam tu fuiſti in amore, et per mare et per terras iuiſti et feſtinaſti ſicut diabolus, eodem te propellente diabolo. Habeo multa ad te ſcribere—ſed ſcribo hanc epiſtolam, in domo coffeataria et plena ſocioorum ſtrepitoſorum, qui non permittunt me cogitare vnam cogitationem.

Saluta

Saluta amicum Panty meum, cuius literis reſpondebo—ſaluta amicos in domo Giſbroſenſi, et oro, credas me vinculo conſobrinitatis et amoris ad te, mi Antoni, deuinctiſſimum,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XCIII.

To A. L——e, Eſq.

Coxwould, June 7, 1767.

DEAR L——e,

I HAD not been many days at this peaceful cottage before your letter greeted me with the ſeal of friendſhip, and moſt cordially do I thank you for ſo kind a proof of your good will—I was truly anxious to hear of the recovery of my ſentimental friend—but I would not write to enquire after her, unleſs I could have ſent her the teſtimony without the tax, for even how-d'yes to invalids, or thoſe that have lately been ſo, either call to mind what is paſt or what may return—at leaſt I find it ſo.—I am as happy as a prince, at Coxwould—and I wiſh you could ſee in how princely a manner I live—'tis a land of plenty. I ſit

down alone to veniſon, fiſh and wild fowl, or a couple of fowls or ducks, with curds, and ſtrawberries, and cream, and all the ſimple plenty with a rich valley under, Hamilton Hills, can produce—with a clean cloth on my table —and a bottle of wine on my right hand to drink your health. I have a hundred hens and chickens about my yard—and not a pariſhioner catches a hare, or a rabbet, or a trout, but he brings it as an offering to me. If ſolitude would cure a love-ſick heart, I would give you an invitation—but abſence and time leſſen no attachment which virtue inſpires.—I am in high ſpirits—care never enters this cottage—I take the air every day in my poſt chaiſe, with my two long tail'd horſes—they turn out good ones; and as to myſelf, I think I am better upon the whole for the medicines, and regimen I ſubmitted to in town—May you, dear L——, want neither the one, nor the other,

Yours truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XCIV.

To the ſame.

Coxwould, June 30, 1767.

I AM in ſtill better health, my dear L——e, than when I wrote laſt to you—owing I believe to my riding out every day with my friend H—— whoſe caſtle lies near the ſea—and there is a beach as even as a mirrour, of five miles in length before it—where we daily run races in our chaiſes, with one wheel in the ſea, and the other on the land.—D—— has obtain'd his fair Indian, and has this poſt ſent a letter of enquiries after Yorick, and his Bramine. He is a good ſoul and intereſts himſelf much in our fate—I cannot forgive you, L——e, for your folly in ſaying you intend to get introduced to the——I deſpiſe them, and I ſhall hold your underſtanding much cheaper than I now do, if you perſiſt in a reſolution ſo unworthy of you.—I ſuppoſe Mrs. J—— telling you they were ſenſible, is the ground-work you go upon—by—they are not clever; tho' what is commonly call'd wit, may paſs for literature on the other ſide of Temple-bar.—You ſay Mrs. J—— thinks them amiable—ſhe judges too favourably;

but I have put a ſtop to her intentions of viſiting them.—They are bitter enemies of mine, and I am even with them. La Bramine aſſured me they uſed their endeavours with her to break off her friendſhip with me, for reaſons I will not write, but tell you.—I ſaid enough of them before ſhe left England, and though ſhe yielded to me in every other point, yet in this ſhe obſtinately perſiſted.—Strange infatuation!—but I think I have effected my purpoſe by a falſity, which Yorick's friendſhip to the Bramine can only juſtify.—I wrote her word that the moſt amiable of women reiterated my requeſt, that ſhe would not write to them. I ſaid too, ſhe had conceal'd many things for the ſake of her peace of mind—when in fact, L——e, this was merely a child of my own brain, made Mrs. J——'s by adoption, to enforce the argument I had before urged ſo ſtrongly.—Do not mention this circumſtance to Mrs. J——, 'twould diſpleaſe her—and I had no deſign in it but for the Bramine to be a friend to herſelf.—I ought now to be buſy from ſun riſe, to ſun ſet, for I have a book to write—a wife to receive—an eſtate to ſell—a pariſh to ſuperintend, and what is worſt of all, a diſquieted heart to reaſon with—theſe are continual calls upon me.—I have receiv'd half a dozen letters to preſs me to join my friends at Scarborough, but I

am

am at preſent deaf to them all.—I perhaps may paſs a few days there ſomething later in the ſeaſon, not at preſent——and ſo dear L——e, adieu.

I am moſt cordially yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XCV.

To Mr. and Mrs. J——.

Coxwould, July 6, 1767.

IT is with as much true gratitude as ever heart felt, that I ſit down to thank my dear friends Mr. and Mrs. J—— for the continuation of their attention to me; but for this laſt inſtance of their humanity and politeneſs to me, I muſt ever be their debtor—I never can thank you enough, my dear friends, and yet I thank you from my ſoul—and for the ſingle day's happineſs your goodneſs would have ſent me, I wiſh I could ſend you back thouſands—I cannot, but they will come of themſelves—and ſo God bleſs you.—I have had twenty times my pen in my hand ſince I came down to write one letter to you both in Gerrard-

ſtreet

ſtreet—but I am a ſhy kind of a ſoul at the bottom, and have a jealouſy about troubling my friends, eſpecially about myſelf.—I am now got perfectly well, but was a month after my arrival in the country in but a poor ſtate —my body has got the ſtart, and is at preſent more at eaſe than my mind—but this world is a ſchool of trials, and ſo heaven's will be done!—I hope you have both enjoyed all that I have wanted—and to compleat your joy, that your little lady flouriſhes like a vine at your table, to which I hope to ſee her preferred by next winter.—I am now beginning to be truly buſy at my Sentimental Journey—the pains and ſorrows of this life having retarded its progreſs—but I ſhall make up my lee-way, and overtake every body in a very ſhort time.—

What can I ſend you that Yorkſhire produces? tell me—I want to be of uſe to you, for I am, my dear friends, with the trueſt value and eſteem,

Your ever obliged,

L. STERNE.

LETTER

LETTER XCVI.

To Mr. P—— at Paris.

York, July 20, 1767.

MY DEAR P——,

BE ſo kind as to forward what letters are arrived for Mrs. S—— at your office by to-day's poſt, or the next, and ſhe will receive them before ſhe quits Avignon, for England—ſhe wants to lay out a little money in an annuity for her daughter—adviſe her to get her own life enſured in London, leſt my Lydia ſhould die before her.——If there are any packets, ſend them with the ninth volume of Shandy, which ſhe has failed of getting—ſhe ſays ſhe has drawn for fifty louis—when ſhe leaves Paris, ſend by her my account.—Have you got me any French ſubſcriptions, or ſubſcriptions in France?—Preſent my kindeſt ſervice to Miſs P——, I know her politeneſs and good nature will incline her to give Mrs. J—— her advice about what ſhe may venture to bring over.—I hope every thing goes on well, though never half ſo well as I wiſh.

—God

—God prosper you, my dear friend—Believe me most warmly

Yours,

L. STERNE.

The sooner you send me the gold snuff box, the better—'tis a present from my best friend.

LETTER XCVII.

To Mr. and Mrs. J——.

Coxwould, August 2, 1767.

MY dear friends Mr. and Mrs. J—— are infinitely kind to me in sending now and then a letter to enquire after me—and to acquaint me how they are.—You cannot conceive, my dear lady, how truly I bear a part in your illness.—I wish Mr. J—— would carry you to the south of France in pursuit of health—but why need I wish it when I know his affection will make him do that and ten times as much to prevent a return of those symptoms which alarmed him so much in the spring—Your politeness and humanity is always contriving to treat me agreeably, and what you promise next winter, will be perfectly so—

but

but you muſt get well—and your little dear girl muſt be of the party with her parents and friends to give it a reliſh—I am ſure you ſhew no partiality but what is natural and praiſe-worthy in behalf of your daughter, but I wonder my friends will not find her a play-fellow, and I both hope and adviſe them not to venture along through this warfare of life without two ſtrings at leaſt to their bow.—I had letters from France by laſt night's poſt, by which, by ſome fatality, I find not one of my letters has reached Mrs. S——— This gives me concern, as it wears the aſpect of unkindneſs, which ſhe by no means merits from me.—My wife and dear girl are coming to pay me a viſit for a few months; I wiſh I may prevail with them to tarry longer.—You muſt permit me, dear Mrs. J——— to make my Lydia known to you, if I can prevail with my wife to come and ſpend a little time in London, as ſhe returns to France.—I expect a ſmall parcel—may I trouble you before you write next to ſend to my lodgings to aſk if there is any thing directed to me that you can encloſe under cover?—I have but one excuſe for this freedom which I am prompted to uſe from a perſuaſion that it is doing you pleaſure to give you an opportunity of doing an obliging thing—and as to myſelf I reſt ſatisfied, for 'tis only ſcoring up another debt of thanks to the

millions I owe you both already—Receive a thouſand and a thouſand thanks, yes and with them ten thouſand friendly wiſhes for all you wiſh in this world—May my friend Mr. J——— continue bleſs'd with good health, and may his good lady get perfectly well, there being no woman's health or comfort I ſo ardently pray for.—Adieu my dear friends—believe me moſt truly and faithfully yours,

L. STERNE.

P. S. In Eliza's laſt letter dated from St. Jago ſhe tells me, as ſhe does you, that ſhe is extremely ill—God protect her.—By this time ſurely ſhe has ſet foot upon dry land at Madras—I heartily wiſh her well, and if Yorick was with her, he would tell her ſo—but he is cut off from this, by bodily abſence—I am preſent with her in ſpirit however—but what is that you will ſay?

LETTER

LETTER XCVIII.

To J. H. S——, Esq.

Coxwould, August 11, 1767.

MY DEAR H——,

I AM glad all has passed with so much amity *inter te et filium Marcum tuum*, and that Madame has found grace in thy sight—All is well that ends well—and so much for moralizing upon it. I wish you could, or would, take up your parable, and prophecy as much good concerning me and my affairs.—Not one of my letters have got to Mrs. S—— since the notification of her intentions, which has a pitiful air on my side, though I have wrote her six or seven.—I imagine she will be here the latter end of September, though I have no date for it, but her impatience, which having suffered by my supposed silence I am persuaded will make her fear the worst—if that is the case she will fly to England—a most natural conclusion.—You did well to discontinue all commerce with James's powder—as you are so well, rejoice therefore, and let your heart be merry—mine ought upon the same score—for I never have been so well since I left college—

lege—and ſhould be a marvellous happy man, but for ſome reflections which bow down my ſpirits—but if I live but even three or four years, I will acquit myſelf with honour—and —no matter! we will talk this over when we meet.—If all ends as temperately as with you, and that I find grace, &c. &c. I will come and ſing Te Deum, or drink *poculum elevatum*, or do any thing with you in the world.—I ſhould depend upon G———'s critick upon my head, as much as Moliere's old woman upon his comedies—when you do not want her ſociety let it be carried into your bed-chamber to flay her, or clap it upon her bum —to——and give her my bleſſing as you do it—

My poſtillion has ſet me a-ground for a week by one of my piſtols burſting in his hand, which he taking for granted to be quite ſhot off—he inſtantly fell upon his knees and ſaid: Our Father, which art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name, at which like a good Chriſtian, he ſtopped, not remembering any more of it —the affair was not ſo bad as he at firſt thought, for it has only *burſten* two of his fingers, he ſays.—I long to return to you, but I ſit here alone as ſolitary and ſad as a tom cat, which by the bye is all the company I keep—he follows me from the parlour, to the kitchen, into the garden, and every place—I wiſh I

had

had a dog—my daughter will bring me one —and ſo God be about you, and ſtrengthen your faith—I am affectionately, dear couſin, yours,

L. STERNE.

My ſervice to the C—— though they are from home, and to Panty.

LETTER XCIX.

To Mr. and Mrs. J——.

Coxwould, Auguſt 13, 1767.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I BUT copy your great civility to me in writing you word, that I have this moment received another letter wrote eighteen days after the date of the laſt from St. Jago—If our poor friend could have wrote another letter to England, you would in courſe have had it—but I fear from the circumſtance of great hurry and bodily diſorder in which ſhe was, when ſhe diſpatched this, ſhe might not have time. —In caſe it has ſo fallen out, I ſend you the contents of what I have received—and that is a melancholy hiſtory of herſelf and her ſufferings,

ſince they left St. Jago—continual and moſt violent rheumatiſm all the time——— a fever brought on with fits, and attended with delirium, and every terrifying ſymptom—the recovery from this left her low and emaciated to a ſkeleton.—I give you the pain of this detail with a bleeding heart, knowing how much at the ſame time it will affect yours.—The three or four laſt days of her journal leave us with hopes ſhe will do well at laſt, for ſhe is more chearful—and ſeems to be getting into better ſpirits; and health will follow in courſe. They have croſſed the line—are much becalmed, which with other delays ſhe fears they will loſe their paſſage to Madraſs—and be ſome months ſooner for it at Bombay.—Heav'n protect her, for ſhe ſuffers much, and with uncommon fortitude.—She writes much to me about her dear friend Mrs. J——— in her laſt packet.—In truth, my good lady, ſhe loves and honours you from her heart, but if ſhe did not, I ſhould not eſteem her, or wiſh her ſo well as I do.—Adieu, my dear friends—you have few in the world more truly and cordially

Yours,

L. STERNE.

P. S.

P. S. I have juſt received, as a preſent from a man I ſhall ever love, a moſt elegant gold ſnuff box, fabricated for me at Paris—'tis not the firſt pledge I have received of his friendſhip.—May I preſume to encloſe you a letter of chit-chat which I ſhall write to Eliza? I know you will write yourſelf, and my letter may have the honour to *chaperon* yours to India—they will neither of them be the worſe received for going together in company, but I fear they will get late in the year to their deſtined port, as they go firſt to Bengal.

LETTER C.

To Miſs S——.

Coxwould, Auguſt 24, 1767.

I AM truly ſurpriſed, my dear Lydia, that my laſt letter has not reached thy mother, and thyſelf—it looks moſt unkind on my part, after your having wrote me word of your mother's intention of coming to England, that ſhe has not received my letter to welcome you both—and though in that I ſaid I wiſhed you would defer your journey 'till March, for before that time I ſhould have publiſhed my ſentimental work, and ſhould be in town to

receive you—yet I will ſhew you more real politeſſes than any you have met with in France, as mine will come warm from the heart.—I am ſorry you are not here at the races, but *les fêtes champêtres* of the Marquis de Sade have made you amends.—I know B——— very well, and he is what in France would be called admirable—that would be but ſo here—You are right—he ſtudies nature more than any, or rather moſt of the French comedians—If the Empreſs of Ruſſia pays him and his wife a penſion of twenty thouſand livres a year, I think he is very well off.—The folly of ſtaying 'till after twelve for ſupper—that you two excommunicated beings might have meat!—"his conſcience would not let it be ſerved before."—Surely the Marquis thought you both, being Engliſh, could not be ſatisfied without it.—I would have given not my gown and caſſock, for I have but one, but my topaz ring to have ſeen the *petits maitres et maitreſſes* go to maſs, after having ſpent the night in dancing.—As to my pleaſures they are few in compaſs.—My poor cat ſits purring beſide me—your lively French dog ſhall have his place on the other ſide of my fire—but if he is as deviliſh as when I laſt ſaw him, I muſt tutor him, for I will not have my cat abuſed—in ſhort I will have nothing deviliſh about me—a combuſtion would ſpoil a ſentimental thought.

Another

Another thing I muſt deſire—do not be alarmed—'tis to throw all your rouge pots into the Sorgue before you ſet out—I will have no rouge put on in England—and do not bewail them as ——— ——— did her ſilver ſeringue or glyſter equipage which ſhe loſt in a certain river—but take a wiſe reſolution of doing without rouge.—I have been three days ago bad again—with a ſpitting of blood—and that unfeeling brute * * * * * * * came and drew my curtains, and with a voice like a trumpet, halloo'd in my ear—z———ds, what a fine kettle of fiſh have you brought yourſelf to, Mr. S———! In a faint voice, I bad him leave me, for comfort ſure was never adminiſtered in ſo rough a manner.—Tell your mother I hope ſhe will purchaſe what either of you may want at Paris—'tis an occaſion not to be loſt—ſo write to me from Paris that I may come and meet you in my poſt-chaiſe with my long-tailed horſes—and the moment you have both put your feet in it, call it hereafter yours.—Adieu dear Lydia—believe me, what I ever ſhall be,

Your affectionate father,

L. STERNE.

I think I ſhall not write to Avignon any more, but you will find one for you at Paris—once more adieu.

LETTER CI.

To Sir W——.

September 19, 1767.

MY DEAR SIR,

YOU are perhaps the drolleſt being in the univerſe—Why do you banter me ſo about what I wrote to you?—Though I told you, every morning I jump'd into Venus's lap, meaning thereby the ſea, was you to infer from that, that I leap'd into the ladies beds afterwards?—The body guides you—the mind me.—I have wrote the moſt whimſical letter to a lady that was ever read, and talk'd of body and ſoul too—I ſaid ſhe had made me vain, by ſaying ſhe was mine more than ever woman was—but ſhe is not the lady of Bond-ſtreet nor —— ſquare, nor the lady who ſupp'd with me in Bond-ſtreet on ſcollop'd oyſters, and other ſuch things—nor did ſhe ever go *tête-à-tête* with me to Salt Hill.—Enough of ſuch nonſenſe—The paſt is over—and I can juſtify myſelf unto myſelf—can you do as much?—No faith!—"You can feel!" Aye ſo can my cat, when he hears a female caterwauling on the houſe top—but cater-

caterwauling diſguſts me. I had rather raiſe a gentle flame, than have a different one raiſed in me.—Now, I take heav'n to witneſs, after all this *badinage* my heart is innocent—and the ſporting of my pen is equal, juſt equal, to what I did in my boyiſh days, when I got aſtride of a ſtick, and gallop'd away—The truth is this—that my pen governs me—not me my pen.—You are much to blame if you dig for marle, unleſs you are ſure of it.—I was once ſuch a puppy myſelf, as to pare, and burn, and had my labour for my pains, and two hundred pounds out of pocket.—Curſe on farming, ſaid I, I will try if the pen will not ſucceed better than the ſpade.—The following up of that affair, I mean farming, made me loſe my temper, and a cart load of turneps was, I thought, very dear at two hundred pounds.—

In all your operations may your own good ſenſe guide you—bought experience is the devil.—Adieu, adieu!—Believe me

Yours moſt truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CII.

To the same.

Coxwould, Sept. 27, 1767.

DEAR SIR,

YOU are arrived at Scarborough, when all the world has left it—but you are an unaccountable being, and so there is nothing more to be said on the matter—You wish me to come to Scarborough, and join you to read a work that is not yet finish'd—besides I have other things in my head.—My wife will be here in three or four days, and I must not be found straying in the wilderness—but I have been there.—As for meeting you at Bluit's, with all my heart—I will laugh, and drink my barley water with you—As soon as I have greeted my wife and daughter, and hired them a house at York, I shall go to London where you generally are in spring—and then my Sentimental Journey will, I dare say, convince you that my feelings are from the heart, and that that heart is not of the worst of molds—praised be God for my sensibility! Though it has often made me wretched, yet I would not exchange it for all the pleasures

the groſſeſt ſenſualiſt ever felt.—Write to me the day you will be at York—'tis ten to one but I may introduce you to my wife and daughter. Believe me,

My good Sir,

Ever yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CIII.

To Mr. P—— at Paris.

York, October 1, 1767.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE order'd my friend Becket to advance for two months your account which my wife this day deliver'd—ſhe is in raptures with all your civilities.—This is to give you notice to draw upon your correſpondent—and Becket will deduct out of my publication.—Tomorrow morning I repair with her to Coxwould, and my Lydia ſeems tranſported with the ſight of me.—Nature, dear P——, breathes in all her compoſition; and except a

little

little vivacity—which is a fault in the world we live in—I am fully content with her mother's care of her.—Pardon this digreſſion from buſineſs—but 'tis natural to ſpeak of thoſe we love.—As to the ſubſcriptions which your friendſhip has procured me, I muſt have them to incorporate with my liſts which are to be prefix'd to the firſt volume.—My wife and daughter join in millions of thanks—they will leave me the 1ſt. of December.—Adieu, adieu—believe me,

Your's moſt truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CIV.

To Mr. and Mrs. J——.

Coxwould, October 3, 1767.

I HAVE ſuffered under a ſtrong deſire for above this fortnight, to ſend a letter of enquiries after the health and the well-being of my dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. J——, and I do aſſure you both, 'twas merely owing to a little modeſty in my temper not to make my good-will troubleſome, where I have ſo much,

and

and to thoſe I never think of, but with ideas of ſenſibility and obligation, that I have refrain'd.—Good God! to think I could be in town, and not go the firſt ſtep I made to Gerrard Street!—My mind and body muſt be at ſad variance with each other, ſhould it ever fall out that it is not both the firſt and laſt place alſo where I ſhall betake myſelf, were it only to ſay, "God bleſs you."—May you have every bleſſing he can ſend you!—'tis a part of my litany, where you will always have a place whilſt I have a tongue to repeat it.—And ſo you heard I had left Scarborough, which you would no more credit, than the reaſons aſſign'd for it—I thank you for it kindly—though you have not told me what they were, being a ſhrewd divine, I think I can gueſs.—I was ten days at Scarborough in September, and was hoſpitably entertained by one of the beſt of our Biſhops; who, as he kept houſe there, preſs'd me to be with him—and his houſhold conſiſted of a gentleman, and two ladies—which, with the good Biſhop, and myſelf, made ſo good a party that we kept much to ourſelves.—I made in this time a connection of great friendſhip with my mitred hoſt, who would gladly have taken me with him back to Ireland.—However we all left Scarborough together, and lay fifteen miles off, where we kindly parted—Now it

was ſuppoſed, and have ſince heard, that I e'en went on with the party to London, and this I ſuppoſe was the reaſon aſſign'd for my being there.—I dare ſay charity would add a little to the account, and give out that 'twas on the ſcore of one, and perhaps both of the ladies—and I will excuſe charity on that head, for a heart diſengaged could not well have done better.—I have been hard writing ever ſince—and hope by Chriſtmas I ſhall be able to give a gentle rap at your door—and tell you how happy I am to ſee my two good friends.—I aſſure you I ſpur on my Pegaſus more violently upon that account, and am now determined not to draw bit, till I have finiſh'd this Sentimental Journey—which I hope to lay at your feet, as a ſmall, but a very honeſt, teſtimony of the conſtant truth, with which I am,

My dear friends,

Your ever obliged

And grateful,

L. STERNE.

P. S. My wife and daughter arrived here laſt night from France.—My girl has return'd

an

an elegant accompliſh'd little flut—my wife —but I hate to praiſe my wife—'tis as much as decency will allow to praiſe my daughter. —I ſuppoſe they will return next ſummer to France.—They leave me in a month to reſide at York for the winter—and I ſtay at Cox-would till the firſt of January.

LETTER CV.

To Mrs. F——.

Coxwould, Friday.

DEAR MADAM,

I RETURN you a thouſand thanks for your obliging enquiry after me—I got down laſt ſummer very much worn out—and much worſe at the end of my journey—I was forced to call at his Grace's houſe, the Archbiſhop of York, to refreſh myſelf a couple of days upon the road near Doncaſter—Since I got home to quietneſs, and temperance, and good books, and good hours, I have mended—and am now very ſtout—and in a fortnight's time ſhall perhaps be as well as you yourſelf could wiſh me.—I have the pleaſure to acquaint you that my wife and daughter are arrived

arrived from France.—I ſhall be in town to greet my friends by the firſt of January.—Adieu dear madam—believe me

Yours ſincerely,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CVI.

To Mr. and Mrs. J——.

Coxwould, November 12, 1767.

FORGIVE me, dear Mrs. J——, if I am troubleſome in writing ſomething betwixt a letter and a card, to enquire after you and my good friend Mr. J——, whom 'tis an age ſince I have heard a ſyllable of.—I think ſo however, and never more felt the want of a houſe I eſteem ſo much, as I do now when I can hear tidings of it ſo ſeldom—and have nothing to recompence my deſires of ſeeing its kind poſſeſſors, but the hopes before me of doing it by Chriſtmas.—I long ſadly to ſee you—and my friend Mr. J——. I am ſtill at Coxwould—my wife and girl (*) here.—She

(*) Mrs. Medalle thinks an apology may be neceſſary for publiſhing this letter—the beſt ſhe can offer is—that it was written by a fond parent, whoſe commendations ſhe is proud of, to a very ſincere friend.

She is a dear good creature—affectionate, and moſt elegant in body, and mind—ſhe is all heaven could give me in a daughter—but like other bleſſings, not given, but lent; for her mother loves France—and this dear part of me muſt be torn from my arms, to follow her mother, who ſeems inclined to eſtabliſh her in France where ſhe has had many advantageous offers.—Do not ſmile at my weakneſs, when I ſay I don't wonder at it, for ſhe is as accompliſh'd a ſlut as France can produce.—You ſhall excuſe all this—if you won't, I deſire Mr. J—— to be my advocate—but I know I don't want one.—With what pleaſure ſhall I embrace your dear little pledge—who I hope to ſee every hour encreaſing in ſtature, and in favour, both with God and man!—I kiſs all your hands with a moſt devout and friendly heart.—No man can wiſh you more good than your meager friend does—few ſo much, for I am with infinite cordiality, gratitude and honeſt affection,

My dear Mrs. J——,

Your ever faithful,

L. STERNE.

P. S.

P. S. My Sentimental Journey will pleaſe Mrs. J——, and my Lydia—I can anſwer for thoſe two. It is a ſubject which works well, and ſuits the frame of mind I have been in for ſome time paſt—I told you my deſign in it was to teach us to love the world and our fellow creatures better than we do—ſo it runs moſt upon thoſe gentler paſſions and affections, which aid ſo much to it.—Adieu, and may you and my worthy friend Mr. J—— continue examples of the doctrine I teach.

LETTER CVII.

To A. L. E——e, Eſq.

Coxwould, November 19, 1767.

YOU make yourſelf unhappy, dear L——e, by imaginary ills—which you might ſhun, inſtead of putting yourſelf in the way of.—Would not any man in his ſenſes fly from the object he adores, and not waſte his time and his health in increaſing his miſery by ſo vain a purſuit?—The idol of your heart is one of ten thouſand.—The duke of —— has long ſighed in vain—and can you ſuppoſe a woman will liſten to you, that is proof againſt titles, ſtars, and red ribbands?—Her heart, believe me,

me, L——e, will not be taken in by fine men, or fine ſpeeches—if it ſhould ever feel a preference, it will chuſe an object for itſelf, and it muſt be a ſingular character that can make an impreſſion on ſuch a being—ſhe has a platonic way of thinking, and knows love only by name—the natural reſerve of her character, which you complain of, proceeds not from pride, but from a ſuperiority of underſtanding, which makes her deſpiſe every man that turns himſelf into a fool—Take my advice, and pay your addreſſes to Miſs —— ſhe eſteems you, and time will wear off an attachment which has taken ſo deep a root in your heart.—I pity you from my ſoul—but we are all born with paſſions which ebb and flow, elſe they would play the devil with us, to different objects—and the beſt advice I can give you, L——e, is to turn the tide of yours another way.—I know not whether I ſhall write again while I ſtay at Coxwould.—I am in earneſt at my ſentimental work—and intend being in town ſoon after Chriſtmas—in the mean time adieu.—Let me hear from you, and believe me, dear L——

Yours, &c.

L. STERNE.

LETTER CVIII.

To the Earl of ——.

Coxwould, November 28, 1767.

MY LORD,

'TIS with the greateſt pleaſure I take my pen to thank your Lordſhip for your letter of enquiry about Yorick—he was worn out both his ſpirits and body with the Sentimental Journey—'tis true that an author muſt feel himſelf, or his reader will not—but I have torn my whole frame into pieces by my feelings—I believe the brain ſtands as much in need of recruiting as the body—therefore I ſhall ſet out for town the twentieth of next month, after having recruited myſelf a week at York.—I might indeed ſolace myſelf with my wife, who is come from France, but in fact I have long been a ſentimental being—whatever your Lordſhip may think to the contrary.—The world has imagined, becauſe I wrote Triſtram Shandy, that I was myſelf more Shandean than I really ever was—'tis a good-natured world we live in, and we are often painted in divers colours according to the ideas each one frames in his head.—A

very agreeable lady arrived three years ago at York, in her road to Scarborough—I had the honour of being acquainted with her, and was her *chaperon*—all the females were very inquisitive to know who she was—"Do not tell, ladies, 'tis a mistress my wife has recommended to me—nay moreover has sent her from France."—

I hope my book will please you, my Lord, and then my labour will not be totally in vain. If it is not thought a chaste book, mercy on them that read it, for they must have warm imaginations indeed!—Can your Lordship forgive my not making this a longer epistle?—In short I can but add this, which you already know——that I am with gratitude and friendship,

My Lord,

Your obedient faithful,

L. STERNE.

If your Lordship is in town in Spring, I should be happy if you became acquainted with my friends in Gerrard-street—you would esteem the husband, and honour the wife—she is the reverse of most her sex—they have various pursuits—she but one—that of pleasing her husband.—

LETTER CIX.

To A. L——e, Eſq.

Coxwould, December 7, 1767.

DEAR L——,

I SAID I would not perhaps write any more, but it would be unkind not to reply to ſo intereſting a letter as yours—I am certain you may depend upon Lord ——'s promiſes —he will take care of you in the beſt manner he can, and your knowledge of the world, and of languages in particular, will make you uſeful in any department—If his Lordſhip's ſcheme does not ſucceed, leave the kingdom —go to the eaſt, or the weſt, for travelling would be of infinite ſervice to both your body and mind—But more of this when we meet —now to my own affairs.—I have had an offer of exchanging two pieces of preferment I hold here, for a living of three hundred and fifty pounds a year, in Surry, about thirty miles from London, and retaining Coxwould, and my prebendaryſhip—the country alſo is ſweet—but I will not, cannot come to any determination, till I have conſulted with you, and my other friends.—I have great offers too

in

in Ireland—the biſhops of C——, and R——, are both my friends—but I have rejected every propoſal, unleſs Mrs. S——, and my Lydia could accompany me thither—I live for the ſake of my girl, and with her ſweet light burthen in my arms, I could get up faſt the hill of preferment, if I choſe it—but without my Lydia, if a mitre was offered me, it would ſit uneaſy upon my brow.—Mrs. S——'s health is inſupportable in England.—She muſt return to France, and juſtice and humanity forbid me to oppoſe it.—I will allow her enough to live comfortably, until ſhe can rejoin me.—My heart bleeds, L——e, when I think of parting with my child—'twill be like the ſeparation of ſoul and body—and equal to nothing but what paſſes at that tremendous moment; and like it in one reſpect, for ſhe will be in one kingdom, whilſt I am in another.—You will laugh at my weakneſs—but I cannot help it—for ſhe is a dear, diſintereſted girl—As a proof of it—when ſhe left Coxwould, and I bad her adieu, I pulled out my purſe and offered her ten guineas for her private pleaſures—her anſwer was pretty, and affected me too much. "No, my dear papa, our expences of coming from France may have ſtraiten'd you—I would rather put an hundred guineas in your pocket than take ten out of it"—I burſt into tears—but why

do I practice on your feelings—by dwelling on a ſubject that will touch your heart?—It is too much melted already by its own ſufferings, L——e, for me to add a pang, or cauſe a ſingle ſigh.—God bleſs you—I ſhall hope to greet you by New-years-day in perfect health—Adieu my dear friend—I am moſt truly and cordially yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CX.

To Mr. and Mrs. J——.

York, December 23, 1767.

I WAS afraid that either Mr. or Mrs. J——, or their little bloſſom, was drooping—or that ſome of you were ill, by not having the pleaſure of a line from you, and was thinking of writing again to enquire after you all—when I was caſt down myſelf with a fever, and bleeding at my lungs, which had confined me to my room near three weeks—when I had the favour of yours, which till to-day I have not been able to thank you both kindly for, as I moſt cordially now do—as well as for all your profeſſions and proofs of good will to me.—

me.—I will not ſay I have not balanced accounts with you in this—All I know is, that I honour and value you more than I do any good creatures upon earth—and that I could not wiſh your happineſs, and the ſucceſs of whatever conduces to it, more than I do, was I your brother—but, good God! are we not all brothers and ſiſters who are friendly, virtuous, and good? Surely, my dear friends, my illneſs has been a ſort of ſympathy for your afflictions upon the ſcore of your dear little one.—I am worn down to a ſhadow—but as my fever has left me, I ſet off the latter end of next week with my friend Mr. Hall for town—I need not tell my friends in Gerrard-ſtreet, I ſhall do myſelf the honour to viſit them, before either Lord —— or Lord ——, &c. &c.—I thank you, my dear friend, for what you ſay ſo kindly about my daughter—it ſhews your good heart, for as ſhe is a ſtranger, 'tis a free gift in you—but when ſhe is known to you, ſhe ſhall win it fairly—but, alas! when this event is to happen, is in the clouds.—Mrs. S—— has hired a houſe ready furniſh'd at York, till ſhe returns to France, and my Lydia muſt not leave her.—

What a ſad ſcratch of a letter!—but I am weak, my dear friends, both in body and mind—ſo God bleſs you—you will ſee me enter like a ghoſt—ſo I tell you before-hand

not to be frightened.—I am, my dear friends, with the trueſt attachment and eſteem, ever yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXI.

To Lady P——.

Mount Coffee-houſe, Tueſday 3 o'Clock.

THERE is a ſtrange mechanical effect produced in writing a billet-doux within a ſtone-caſt of the lady who engroſſes the heart and ſoul of an inamorato—for this cauſe, but moſtly becauſe I am to dine in this neighbourhood, have I, Triſtram Shandy, come forth from my lodgings to a coffee-houſe the neareſt I could find to my dear Lady ——'s houſe, and have called for a ſheet of gilt paper, to try the truth of this article of my creed—Now for it—

O my dear lady—what a diſhclout of a ſoul haſt thou made of me?—I think, by the bye, this is a little too familiar an introduction, for ſo unfamiliar a ſituation as I ſtand in with you—where heaven knows, I am kept at a diſtance—and deſpair of getting one inch

nearer you, with all the ſteps and windings I can think of to recommend myſelf to you—Would not any man in his ſenſes run diametrically from you—and as far as his legs would carry him, rather than thus cauſeleſsly, fooliſhly, and fool-hardily expoſe himſelf afreſh—and afreſh, where his heart and his reaſon tells him he ſhall be ſure to come off loſer, if not totally undone?—Why would you tell me you would be glad to ſee me?—Does it give you pleaſure to make me more unhappy—or does it add to your triumph, that your eyes and lips have turned a man into a fool, whom the reſt of the town is courting as a wit?—I am a fool—the weakeſt, the moſt ductile, the moſt tender fool that ever woman tried the weakneſs of——and the moſt unſettled in my purpoſes and reſolutions of recovering my right mind.—It is but an hour ago, that I kneeled down and ſwore I never would come near you—and after ſaying my Lord's Prayer for the ſake of the cloſe, of not being led into temptation—out I ſallied like any Chriſtian hero, ready to take the field againſt the world, the fleſh, and the devil; not doubting but I ſhould finally trample them all down under my feet—and now am I got ſo near you—within this vile ſtone's caſt of your houſe——I feel myſelf drawn into a vortex, that has turned my brain

upſide downwards, and though I had purchaſed a box ticket to carry me to Miſs ******* benefit, yet I know very well, that was a ſingle line directed to me, to let me know Lady —— would be alone at ſeven, and ſuffer me to ſpend the evening with her, ſhe would infallibly ſee every thing verified I have told her.—I dine at Mr. C——r's in Wigmore-ſtreet, in this neighbourhood, where I ſhall ſtay till ſeven, in hopes you purpoſe to put me to this proof—If I hear nothing by that time I ſhall conclude you are better diſpoſed of—and ſhall take a ſorry hack, and ſorrily jogg on to the play—Curſe on the word. I know nothing but ſorrow—except this one thing, that I love you, perhaps fooliſhly, but

Moſt ſincerely,

L. STERNE.

LETTER

LETTER CXII.

To Mr. and Mrs. J——.

Old Bond-ſtreet, January 1.

NOT knowing whether the moiſture of the weather will permit me to give my kind friends in Gerrard Street a call this morning for five minutes—I beg leave to ſend them all the good wiſhes, compliments, and reſpects I owe them.—I continue to mend, and doubt not but this, with all other evils and uncertainties of life, will end for the beſt. I ſend all compliments to your fire ſides this Sunday night—Miſs Aſcough the wife, Miſs Pigot the witty, your daughter the pretty, and ſo on.—If Lord O—— is with you, I beg my dear Mrs. J—— will preſent the encloſed to him—'twill add to the millions of obligations I already owe you.—I am ſorry that I am no ſubſcriber to Soho this ſeaſon—it deprives me of a pleaſure worth twice the ſubſcription—but I am juſt going to ſend about this quarter of the town, to ſee if it is not too late to procure a ticket, undiſpoſed of, from ſome of my Soho friends, and if I can ſucceed, I will either ſend or wait upon you with it by half

an

an hour after three to-morrow—if not, my friend will do me the juſtice to believe me truly miſerable.—I am half engaged, or more, for dinner on Sunday next, but will try to get diſengaged in order to be with my friends. —If I cannot, I will glide like a ſhadow uninvited to Gerrard Street ſome day this week, that we may eat our bread and meat in love and peace together.—God bleſs you both!—I am with the moſt ſincere regard,

Your ever obliged,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXIII.

To the ſame.

Old Bond Street, Monday.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,

I HAVE never been a moment at reſt ſince I wrote yeſterday about this Soho ticket—I have been at a Secretary of State to get one —have been upon one knee to my friends Sir G—— M——, Mr. Laſcelles—and Mr. Fitzmaurice—without mentioning five more—I

believe

believe I could as ſoon get you a place at court, for every body is going—but I will go out and try a new circle—and if you do not hear from me by a quarter after three, you may conclude I have been unfortunate in my ſupplications.—I ſend you this ſtate of the affair, leſt my ſilence ſhould make you think I had neglected what I promiſed—but no—Mrs. J——— knows me better, and would never ſuppoſe it would be out of the head of one who is with ſo much truth

Her faithful friend,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXIV.

To the ſame.

Thurſday, Old Bond Street.

A Thouſand thanks, and as many excuſes, my dear friends, for the trouble my blunder has given you. By a ſecond note I am aſtoniſh'd I could read Saturday for Sunday, or make any miſtake in a card wrote by Mrs. J——s, in which my friend is as unrival'd, as in a hundred greater excellencies.

I am

I am now tyed down neck and heels, twice over, by engagements every day this week, or moſt joyfully would have trod the old pleaſing road from Bond to Gerrard Street.—My books will be to be had on Thurſday, but poſſibly on Wedneſday in the afternoon.—I am quite well, but exhauſted with a room full of company every morning till dinner—How do I lament I cannot eat my morſel, which is always ſweet, with ſuch kind friends!—The Sunday following I will aſſuredly wait upon you both—and will come a quarter before four, that I may have both a little time, and a little day light, to ſee Mrs. J——'s picture.—I beg leave to aſſure my friends of my gratitude for all their favours, with my ſentimental thanks for every token of their good will.—Adieu, my dear friends—

I am truly yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER

LETTER CXV.

To L. S——, Esq.

Old Bond Street, Wednesday.

DEAR SIR,

YOUR commendations are very flattering. I know no one whose judgement I think more highly of, but your partiality for me is the only instance in which I can call it in question. —Thanks, my good sir, for the prints—I am much your debtor for them—if I recover from my ill state of health, and live to revisit Coxwould this summer, I will decorate my study with them, along with six beautiful pictures I have already of the sculptures on poor Ovid's tomb, which were executed on marble at Rome.—It grieves one to think such a man should have dy'd in exile, who wrote so well on the art of love.—Do not think me encroaching if I sollicit a favour—'tis either to borrow, or beg, to beg if you please, some of those touched with chalk which you brought from Italy—I believe you have three sets, and if you can spare the imperfect one of cattle on colour'd paper, 'twill answer my purpose, which is namely this,

this, to give a friend of ours.—You may be ignorant ſhe has a genius for drawing, and whatever ſhe excells in, ſhe conceals, and her humility adds luſtre to her accompliſhments—I preſented her laſt year with colours, and an apparatus for painting, and gave her ſeveral leſſons before I left town.—I wiſh her to follow this art, to be a compleat miſtreſs of it—and it is ſingular enough, but not more ſingular than true, that ſhe does not know how to make a cow or a ſheep, though ſhe draws figures and landſcapes perfectly well; which makes me wiſh her to copy from good prints. —If you come to town next week, and dine where I am engaged next Sunday, call upon me and take me with you—I breakfaſt with Mr. Beauclerc, and am engaged for an hour afterwards with Lord O—— ſo let our meeting be either at your houſe or my lodgings—do not be late, for we will go half an hour before dinner, to ſee a picture executed by Weſt, moſt admirably—he has caught the character of our friend——ſuch goodneſs is painted in that face, that when one looks at it, let the ſoul be ever ſo much unharmonized, it is impoſſible it ſhould remain ſo.—I will ſend you a ſet of my books—they will take with the generality—the women will read this book in the parlour, and Triſtram in the bed-chamber.—Good night, dear ſir—I am

going

going to take my whey, and then to bed. Believe me,

Yours moſt truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXVI.

February 20, *Old Bond-ſtreet.*

MY DEAREST LYDIA,

MY Sentimental Journey, you ſay, is admired in York by every one—and 'tis not vanity in me to tell you that it is no leſs admired here—but what is the gratification of my feelings on this occaſion?—the want of health bows me down, and vanity harbours not in thy father's breaſt—this vile influenza—be not alarm'd, I think I ſhall get the better of it—and ſhall be with you both the firſt of May, and if I eſcape 'twill not be for a long period, my child—unleſs a quiet retreat and peace of mind can reſtore me.—The ſubject of thy letter has aſtoniſh'd me.—She could but know little of my feelings, to tell thee, that under the ſuppoſition I ſhould ſurvive thy mother, I ſhould bequeath thee as a legacy

to ——. No, my Lydia! 'tis a lady, whoſe virtues I wiſh thee to imitate, that I ſhall entruſt my girl to—I mean that friend whom I have ſo often talk'd and wrote about—from her you will learn to be an affectionate wife, a tender mother, and a ſincere friend—and you cannot be intimate with her, without her pouring ſome part of the milk of human kindneſs into your breaſt, which will ſerve to check the heat of your own temper, which you partake in a ſmall degree of.—Nor will that amiable woman put my Lydia under the painful neceſſity to fly to India for protection, whilſt it is in her power to grant her a more powerful one in England.—But I think, my Lydia, that thy mother will ſurvive me——do not deject her ſpirits with thy apprehenſions on my account.—I have ſent you a necklace, buckles, and the ſame to your mother.—My girl cannot form a wiſh that is in the power of her father, that he will not gratify her in—and I cannot in juſtice be leſs kind to thy mother.—I am never alone—The kindneſs of my friends is ever the ſame—I wiſh though I had thee to nurſe me—but I am deny'd that.—Write to me twice a week, at leaſt.—God bleſs thee, my child, and believe me ever, ever thy

Affectionate father,

L. STERNE.

LETTER

LETTER CXVII.

To Mrs. J——.

Tueſday.

YOUR poor friend is ſcarce able to write—he has been at death's door this week with a pleuriſy—I was bled three times on Thurſday, and bliſter'd on Friday—The phyſician ſays I am better—God knows, for I feel myſelf ſadly wrong, and ſhall, if I recover, be a long while of gaining ſtrength.——Before I have gone through half this letter, I muſt ſtop to reſt my weak hand above a dozen times.—Mr. J—— was ſo good to call upon me yeſterday. I felt emotions not to be deſcribed at the ſight of him, and he overjoy'd me by talking a great deal of you.—Do, dear Mrs. J——, entreat him to come to-morrow, or next day, for perhaps I have not many days, or hours, to live—I want to aſk a favour of him, if I find myſelf worſe—that I ſhall beg of you, if in this wreſtling I come off conqueror—my ſpirits are fled—'tis a bad omen—do not weep my dear Lady—your tears are too precious to ſhed for me—bottle them up, and may the cork never be drawn.——

Deareſt, kindeſt, gentleſt, and beſt of women! may health, peace, and happineſs prove your handmaids.—If I die, cheriſh the remembrance of me, and forget the follies which you ſo often condemn'd—which my heart, not my head betray'd me into. Should my child, my Lydia want a mother, may I hope you will, if ſhe is left parentleſs, take her to your boſom? —You are the only woman on earth I can depend upon for ſuch a benevolent action.—I wrote to her a fortnight ago, and told her what I truſt ſhe will find in you.—Mr. J——— will be a father to her—he will protect her from every inſult, for he wears a ſword which he has ſerved his country with, and which he would know how to draw out of the ſcabbard in defence of innocence—Commend me to him—as I now commend you to that Being who takes under his care the good and kind part of the world.———Adieu———all grateful thanks to you and Mr. J———.

Your poor affectionate friend,

L. STERNE.

LETTER CXVIII.

To Mr. B——.

Exeter, July, 1775.

SIR,

THIS was quite an *Impromptu* of Yorick's after he had been thoroughly *ſouſed*.—He drew it up in a few moments without ſtopping his pen. I ſhould be glad to ſee it in your intended collection of Mr. Sterne's memoirs, &c. If you ſhould have a copy of it, you will be able to rectify a miſapplication of a term that Mr. Sterne could never be guilty of, as one great excellence of his writings lies in the moſt happy choice of metaphors and alluſions—ſuch as ſhewed his philoſophic judgement, at the ſame time that they diſplayed his wit and genius—but it is not for me to comment on, or correct ſo great an original. I ſhould have ſent this fragment as ſoon as I ſaw Mrs. Medalle's advertiſement, had I not been at a diſtance from my papers. I expect much entertainment from this poſthumous work of a man to whom no one is

more indebted for amuſement and inſtruction, than,

Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

S. P.

AN IMPROMPTU.

No—not one farthing would I give for ſuch a coat in wet weather, or dry—If the ſun ſhines you are ſure of being melted, becauſe it cloſes ſo tight about one—if it rains it is no more a defence than a cobweb—a very ſieve, o' my conſcience! that lets through every drop, and like many other things that are put on only for a cover, mortifies you with diſappointment and makes you curſe the impoſtor, when it is too late to avail one's ſelf of the diſcovery. Had I been wiſe I ſhould have examined the claim the coat had to the title of "defender of the body"—before I had truſted my body in it—I ſhould have held it up to the light like other ſuſpicious matters I have ſeen, how much it was likely to admit of that which I wanted to keep out—whether it was no more than ſuch a frail, flimſy con-

texture

texture of fleſh and blood, as I am fated to carry about with me through every tract of this dirty world, could have comfortably and ſafely diſpenſed within ſo ſhort a journey—taking into my account the chance of ſpreading trees—thick hedges o'erhanging the road—with twenty other coverts that a man may thruſt his head under—if he is not violently puſhed on by that d——d ſtimulus—you know where—that will not let a man ſit ſtill in one place for half a minute together—but like a young nettleſome tit is eternally on the fret, and is for puſhing on ſtill farther—or if the poor ſcared devil is not hunted tantivy by a hue and cry with gives and a halter dangling before his eyes—now in other caſes he has not a minute to throw away in ſtanding ſtill, but like king Lear muſt brave "the peltings "of a pitileſs ſtorm" and give heaven leave to "rumble its belly full—ſpit fire—or ſpout "rain"—as ſpitefully as it pleaſeth, without finding the inclination or the reſolution to ſlacken his pace leſt ſomething ſhould be loſt that might have been gained, or more gotten than he well knows how to get rid of—Now had I acted with as much prudence as ſome other good folks——I could name many of them who have been made b——ps within my remembrance for having been hooded and muffled up in a larger quantity of this dark

drab of mental manufacture than ever fell to my ſhare—and abſolutely for nothing elſe—as will be ſeen when they are undreſſed another day—Had I had but as much as might have been taken out of their cloth without leſſening much of the ſize, or injuring in the leaſt the ſhape, or contracting aught of the doublings and foldings, or continuing to a leſs circumference, the ſuperb ſweep of any one cloak that any one b——p ever wrapt himſelf up in—I ſhould never have given this coat a place upon my ſhoulders. I ſhould have ſeen by the light at one glance, how little it would keep out of rain, by how little it would keep in of darkneſs—This a coat for a rainy day? do pray madam hold it up to that window—did you ever ſee ſuch an *illuſtrious* coat ſince the day you could diſtinguiſh between a coat and a pair of breeches?—My lady did not underſtand derivatives, and ſo ſhe could not ſee quite through my ſplendid pun. Pope Sixtus would have blinded her with the ſame "darkneſs of exceſſive light." What a flood of it breaks in through this rent? what an irradiation beams through that? what twinklings—what ſparklings as you wave it before your eyes in the broad face of the ſun? Make a fan out of it for the ladies to look at their gallants with at church—It has not ſerved me for one purpoſe

—it will ſerve them for two—This is coarſe ſtuff—of worſe manufacture than the cloth—put it to its proper uſe, for I love when things ſort and join well—make a philtre *) of it—while there is a drop to be extracted—I know but one thing in the world that will draw, drain, or ſuck like it—and that is—neither wool nor flax—make—make any thing of it, but a vile, hypocritical coat for me—for I never can ſay *ſub Jove*, whatever Juno might, that "it is a pleaſure to *be wet*."

L. STERNE.

*), This alluſion is improper. A philtre originally ſignifies a love potion---and it is uſed as a noun from the verb *philtrate*---it muſt ſignify a *ſtrainer*, not a *ſucker*---cloth is ſometimes uſed for the purpoſe of *draining* by means of its pores or capillary tubes, but its action is contrary to philtration. His meaning is obvious enough; but as he drew up this fragment without ſtopping his pen, as I was informed, it is no wonder he erred in the application of ſome of his terms.

THE FRAGMENT.

CHAP. I.

Shewing two Things; firſt, what a Rabelaic Fellow LONGINVS RABELAICVS *is, and ſecondly, how cavalierly he begins his Book.*

MY dear and thrice reverend brethren, as well archbiſhops and biſhops, as the *reſt* of the inferior clergy! would it not be a glorious thing, if any man of genius and capacity amongſt us for ſuch a work, was fully bent within himſelf, to ſit down immediately and compoſe a thorough—ſtitch'd ſyſtem of the KERUKOPAEDIA, fairly ſetting forth, to the beſt of his wit and memory, and collecting for that purpoſe all that is needful to be known, and underſtood of that art?—Of what art cried PANURGE? Good God! anſwered LONGINUS, making an exclamation, but taking care at the ſame time to moderate his voice, why, of the art of making all kinds of your theological, hebdodomical, roſtrummical, humdrummical what d'ye call 'ems

'ems—I will be ſhot, quoth EPISTEMON, if all this ſtory of thine of a roaſted horſe, is ſimply no more than S—— Sauſages? quoth PANURGE. Thou haſt fallen twelve feet and about five inches below the mark, anſwer'd EPISTEMON, for I hold them to be *Sermons*—which ſaid word, as I take the matter, being but a word of low degree, for a book of high rhetoric—LONGINUS RABELAICVS was foreminded to uſher and lead into his diſſertation, with as much pomp and parade as he could afford; and for my own part, either I know no more of Latin than my horſe, or the KERUKOPAEDIA is nothing but the art of making 'em—And why not, quoth GYMNAST, of preaching them when we have done?—Believe me, dear ſouls, this is half in half—and if ſome ſkilful body would but put us in a way to do this to ſome *tune*—Thou wouldſt not have them *chanted* ſurely, quoth TRIBOULET, laughing?—No, nor *canted* neither, quoth GYMNAST, crying!—but what I mean, my friends, ſays LONGINUS RABELAICUS, who is certainly one of the greateſt criticks in the weſtern world, and as Rabelaic a fellow as ever exiſted, what I mean, ſays he, interrupting them both and reſuming his diſcourſe, is this, that if all the ſcatter'd rules of the KERUKOPAEDIA could be but once carefully collected into one code

code, as thick as PANURGE's head, and the whole *cleanly* digeſted—pooh, ſays PANURGE, who felt himſelf aggrieved, and bound up continued LONGINUS, by way of a regular inſtitute, and then put into the hands of every licenſed preacher in Great Britain, and Ireland, juſt before he began to compoſe, I maintain it—I deny it flatly, quoth PANURGE—What? anſwer'd LONGINUS RABELAICUS with all the temper in the world.

CHAP. II.

In which the Reader will begin to form a Judgement, of what a Hiſtorical, Dramatical, Anecdotical, Allegorical, and Comical Kind of a Work he has got hold of.

HOMENAS who had to preach next Sunday, before God knows whom, knowing nothing at all of the matter—was all this while at it as hard as he could drive in the very next room:—for having fouled two clean ſheets of his own, and being quite ſtuck faſt in the entrance upon his third general *diviſion*, and finding himſelf unable to get either forwards or backwards with any grace—"Curſe it," ſays he, thereby excommunicating every mother's ſon who ſhould think differently,

"why

"why may not a man lawfully call in for "help in this, as well as any other human emer- "gency?"—So without any more argumentation, except ſtarting up and nimming down from the top ſhelf but one, the ſecond volume of CLARK—though without any felonious intention in ſo doing, he had begun to clap me in, making a joint firſt, five whole pages, nine round paragraphs, and a dozen and a half of good thoughts all of a row; and becauſe there was a confounded high gallery—was tranſcribing it away like a little devil.—Now —quoth HOMENAS to himſelf "though I "hold all this to be fair and ſquare, yet, if I "am found out, there will be the deuce and all "to pay."—*Why are the bells ringing back- wards, you lad? what is all that crowd about, honeſt man?* HOMENAS *was got upon Doctor* CLARK'S *back, ſir—and what of that, my lad? Why an pleaſe you, he has broke his neck, and fractured his ſkull, and befouled himſelf into the bargain, by a fall from the pulpit two ſtories high.* Alas! poor HOMENAS! HOMENAS has done his buſi- neſs!—HOMENAS will never preach more while breath is in his body.—No, faith, I ſhall never again be able to tickle it off as I have done. I may ſit up whole winter nights baking my blood with hectic watchings, and write as ſolid as a FATHER of the church—or, I may ſit down,

down whole ſummer days evaporating my ſpirits into the fineſt thoughts, and write as florid as a MOTHER of it.—In a word, I may compoſe myſelf off my legs, and preach till I burſt—and when I have done, it will be worſe than if not done at all.——*Pray Mr. Such-a-one, who held forth laſt Sunday? Doctor* CLARK, *I trow; ſays one. Pray what Doctor* CLARK *ſays a ſecond? Why* HOMENAS'S *Doctor* CLARK, *quoth a third.* O rare HOMENAS! cries a fourth; your *ſervant* Mr. HOMENAS, quoth a *fifth.* —'Twill be all over with me, by Heav'n—I may as well put the book from whence I took it.—Here HOMENAS burſt into a flood of tears, which falling down helter ſkelter, ding dong without any kind of intermiſſion for ſix minutes and almoſt twenty five ſeconds, had a marvellous effect upon his diſcourſe; for the aforeſaid tears, do you mind, did ſo temper the wind that was riſing upon the aforeſaid diſcourſe, but falling for the moſt part perpendicularly, and hitting the ſpirits at right angles, which were mounting horizontally all over the ſurface of his harangue, they not only play'd the devil and all with the ſublimity—but moreover the ſaid tears, by their nitrous quality, did ſo refrigerate, precipitate, and hurry down to the bottom of his ſoul, all the unſavory particles which lay fermenting, as you ſaw, in the middle of his conception, that

he

he went on in the cooleſt and chaſteſt ſtile, for a *ſoliloquy* I think, that ever mortal man uttered.

"This is really and truly a very hard caſe," continued HOMENAS to himſelf—PANURGE, by the bye, and all the company in the next room hearing all along every ſyllable he ſpoke; for you muſt know, that notwithſtanding PANURGE had open'd his mouth as wide as he could for his blood, in order to give a round anſwer to LONGINVS RABELAICUS'S interrogation, which concluded the laſt chapter—yet HOMENAS'S rhetoric had pour'd in ſo like a torrent, ſlap-daſh through the wainſcot amongſt them, and happening at that *uncritical* criſis, when PANURGE had juſt put his ugly face into the above-ſaid poſture of defence—that he ſtopt ſhort—he did indeed, and though his head was full of matter, and he had ſcrew'd up every nerve and muſcle belonging to it, till all cryed *crack* again, in order to give a due projectile force to what he was going to let fly, full in LONGINUS RABELAICUS'S teeth who ſat over againſt him.—Yet for all that, he had the continence to contain himſelf, for he ſtopt ſhort, I ſay, without uttering one word except, Z——ds—many reaſons may be aſſign'd for this, but the moſt true, the moſt ſtrong, the moſt hydroſtatical,

and

and the moſt philoſophical reaſon, why PANURGE did not go on, was—that the foremention'd *torrent* did ſo *drown* his voice, that he had none left to go on with.—God help him, poor fellow! ſo he ſtopt ſhort, as I have told you before, and all the time HOMENAS was ſpeaking he ſaid not another word, good or bad, but ſtood gaping, and ſtaring, like what you pleaſe—ſo that the break, mark'd thus—which HOMENAS'S grief had made in the middle of his diſcourſe, which he could no more help than he could fly—produced no other change in the room where LONGINUS RABELAICUS, EPISTEMON, GYMNAST, TRIBOULET, and nine or ten more honeſt blades had got Kerukopædizing together, but that it gave time to GYMNAST to give PANURGE a good ſquaſhing chuck under his double chin; which PANURGE taking in good part, and juſt as it was meant by GYMNAST, he forthwith ſhut his mouth—and gently ſitting down upon a ſtool though ſomewhat excentrically and out of neighbours row, but liſtening, as all the reſt did, with might and main, they plainly and diſtinctly heard every ſyllable of what you will find recorded in the very next chapter.

THE END.

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Sterne, Laurence,

Letters of the late Rev. Mr. Laurence Sterne, to his most intimate friends with a fragment in the manner of Rabelais ; to which are prefix'd memoirs of his life and family written by himself and published by his daughter, Mrs. Medalle
Bd.: 3

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